

CRASHING

by

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FADE IN

EXT. DAY. TWO YOUNG BLACK MEN ARE RIDING IN A PICKUP TRUCK.

Willie had never been north of Tallahassee and he'd only ventured that far up on those occasions when his driver's license was due to be restored. Willie liked to do some serious driving. Now Zeke and him are bound for Charlotte, NC to see the Winston 500 automobile race. The radio is playing "Dock of the Bay" and the two of them are pullin' beers and singing along with Otis.

C.U. of Willie and Zeke in the cab of the pickup.

WILLIE

We in the neighborhood of seventy miles out of Charlotte and I'm already seein' some bad wagons.

ZEKE

All of 'em after this long green in my wallet. Come and get it, farm boys.

WILLIE

I'll be happy winning three of five, Bubba. I got a feeling there's some mean jockeys up here for the race.

ZEKE

I expect you've beat everything in South Florida up till now...and they some fast crackers back home too.

WILLIE

(Singing with the radio)

You got to know when to hold 'em...know when to fold 'em...(He turns to Zeke) Guess we'll find out in short order.

CUT TO

CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY, ON THE BACKSTRETCH. IT IS TWILIGHT.

PANNING SHOT of pit row, various cars and crews of mechanics. Cars are making practice runs in the background. DOLLY IN to the pit area of Alan Spence, one of the leading drivers on the circuit and a very *ACROBATIC* man.

ALAN

(To a mechanic)

Two runs today and two damn fuel leaks. What do I pay you to do? You cost me second place last month with that goddamned fuel leak. Stay on it.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT. Alan makes his way out of the mechanics area. A member of his crew approaches him.

CREWMAN

There's two reps from the tire company at the trailer and track public relations wants you to call them.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan.

ALAN

I'm afraid not. I get paid to win this race, not to do free promotionals. I don't give a good God damn if nobody shows up. Get in there...help that idiot. You'll all be working dirt tracks soon if you can't cut it here.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Alan walking past various crews toward his trailer. He has a few brief, unpleasant conversations with some of them. He gets to the trailer and goes inside.

CUT TO

Inside the trailer are two men. TRACKING SHOT of Alan going over to his desk and sitting down.

CUT TO

C.U. of representative.

REPRESENTATIVE

Alan, we'd like to speak to you concerning an interview you gave to SPEEDWAY magazine. You were less than complimentary toward our tires which, as you are well aware, we pay you to use.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN
(Smiling)

Your tires are shit and you are a little worm.

CUT TO

M.S. of the reps. They find themselves shocked.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

You look surprised. (He laughs) You're used to dealing with small time drivers at small town tracks who will drink your piss for a sponsorship. Who else in the top five here would use your rubber? I could go to Pirelli tomorrow so don't think you can tell me what to say and when to say it, is that clear? Now if you have no further business, get out!

DOLLY OUT. The reps get up to leave.

DISSOLVE TO

C.U. of Alan dialing the telephone.

ALAN

Bring the limo in a half an hour.

He makes another call.

ALAN

Johanna, we're going to the Belmont tonight. I'll pick you up at seven thirty. (He pauses) I don't want to see them tonight. As a matter of fact I wish you would refrain from socializing with them altogether. She's country club trash and he won't even be driving in a year or two. Be on time.

DOLLY OUT. M.S. Alan takes a bottle of scotch and a glass out of his desk and pours some. He takes a drink.

ALAN

I'd sooner sit to dinner with a hobo.

There is a knock on the trailer door.

CUT TO

M.S. The trailer door opens and a man named Ed enters. He walks with a limp.

ED

Hello Mr. Spence. Could I speak with you?

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN
(Waiting impatiently)

Well....?

CUT TO

C.U. of Ed.

ED

You know I was hurt pretty bad in that pit crash when Roger got killed. Since then I've been out of work. Could you use another mechanic?

CUT TO

M.S. of the two of them.

ALAN

Roger Morrison is dead, possibly because of an incompetent crewmember who failed to do his job. Perhaps it was you, Eddie, and you expect me to put myself in your hands? You belong in a service station. You should be pumping gas.

ED

But you **know** a strut gave out...

ALAN

Do you want to know what I know? I know that you are history. Go back to Weedville where you came from.

Ed puts his head down, then gets up. TRACKING SHOT of Ed walking out the door.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. He starts to laugh.

ALAN

Poor crippled mess.

Alan pushes the intercom button on the telephone.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of the garage. The mechanics look up at the loudspeaker hearing Alan's voice.

ALAN V.O.

You inept motorheads have until tomorrow morning to correct the fuel problem or else expect a bus ticket home. Before leaving you will check all trouble codes in the computer, make certain the injectors are spotless and take a turn off the clutch as it is engaging too high. This is not on the job training, gentlemen.

CUT TO

A 7-11 PARKING LOT. IT IS NIGHT.

Willie's truck is parked next to a new IROC Camaro. He and the driver of the IROC are setting up a race.

M.S. of Willie and the IROC driver.

IROC DRIVER

A flat quarter from a twenty mile an hour roll...
two hundred bucks, right?

WILLIE

I'm agreeable.

IROC DRIVER

Let's hit the bricks.

TRACKING SHOT of them both getting into their vehicles.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

That IROC looks as pretty as a circus pony.

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke

ZEKE

Lets get into his pockets, chum buddy.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of both vehicles pulling out of the parking lot.

SMASH CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. With a roar the two cars are head and head.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie and Zeke laughing.

CUT TO

L.S. of the speeding vehicles.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of the parking lot of the Belmont Restaurant. Alan has just stepped from the limo when the two cars roar by on the street. He notices them.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the race. Willie powers out in front of the IROC as they go through an underpass.

DISSOLVE TO

M.L.S. Both vehicles pull over and the drivers get out. DOLLY IN to a M.S. of the three of them.

ZEKE

Payday partner.

IROC DRIVER

You niggers got some hustle down.

WILLIE

We got other fish to fry, son, start counting.

The IROC driver hands over the cash. TRACKING SHOT of Willie and Zeke going back to the truck.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie and Zeke in the truck.

WILLIE

That boy sure had the dry grins. You niggers got some hustle down, says he.

ZEKE

Four sprint races, nine hundred dollars. Sure as your born we'll be headed home with more than enough to finish building her.

WILLIE

Sure as your born.

CUT TO

INTERIOR OF A FANCY RESTAURANT

Alan and Johanna, a pretty girl in her mid-twenties, have ordered and they are drinking. Alan is getting drunk.

ALAN

For God's sakes. I'd like to have my dinner before I'm old. (He looks around for the waiter)

DOLLY OUT. A man comes over to their table.

MAN

MR. Spence, I don't think you'll remember me.

ALAN
(Very annoyed)

What makes you think I want to know you now?

JOHANNA

Alan!

ALAN
(To the man)

What is it that you want?

MAN

I just wanted to wish you luck in the race. I hoped you might remember me. Johnny Perico... I raced against you at Lime Rock.

ALAN

Well, I don't remember you and thank you for your well wishes. Now if you'll excuse us.

The man walks away.

ALAN

Can you believe the nerve? That fool is probably still driving at Lime Rock and Englishtown and he thinks I'll talk to him. Ahh, the price one pays for fame my dear.

DOLLY OUT. The waiter brings their dinners.

ALAN

Shall we dine? (He turns to the waiter) It's about time.

CUT TO

INT. OF A DINER

M.S. of Willie and Zeke in a booth eating steak & eggs.

ZEKE

Do you call to mind that Corvette up to DeLand that tried humpin' around us on the grass and tore up fifty yards of fence? I laugh every time I remember about it.

A knowing smile on Willie's face verified the recollection.

ZEKE

We make five or six runs a day up till race day we'll take down over ten large thousand dollars.

WILLIE

And contrary to that, I might bust the motor.

CUT TO

L.S. Out the window, a hot looking Bucket-T pulls into the diner lot. P.O.V. The drivers of the Bucket-T look over at Willie's truck. REVERSE SHOT showing Willie's truck and the two men going in to the diner.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT The two men come in and sit at the counter next to Willie and Zeke's booth.

CUT TO

M.S. of the two men.

MAN #1

You fellows up from Flo-ri-day, is you? That's one bad looking nigger rig your driving. You maybe like to go down the road?

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

What you driving, cracker?

CUT TO

M.L.S. of the four of them.

MAN #2

I'm sure you didn't see us pull up next to your pile of shit.

WILLIE

(Looking out the window)

Ooh wee...I expect we're out of your league, hoss. What are you carrying?

MAN #2

Just a modified 454. So, you boys up here to race that dog cart or you just come to watch the big contest on Sunday?

ZEKE

Truth be told, we're pretty tired tonight. No doubt we'll see you beanheads tomorrow.

MAN #1

Maybe we don't do it now, you'll get buck-fever by tomorrow.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie and Zeke

WILLIE

We sleep real good, me and Zeke do.

DOLLY OUT. Zeke gets up to pay the check.

WILLIE

You get that will you, home boy?

ZEKE

I'll get it.

CUT TO

M.S. of the two men at the counter looking at Willie.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

I do dislike going to bed on a full stomach.
I reckon a race would help work off this food.
You boys are shafty eyed but I'll go you one time.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of the three of them.

MAN #1

We stake two hundred up this way...best two out
of three heats.

WILLIE

Sheeit...cost me two hundred in gas to run three
heats. One shot, winner walks away smiling.

MAN #1

Fits me fine, I've got to get up early anyway.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT. The four of them walk out to their vehicles. They get
in and tear off, kicking up a cloud of dust.

DISSOLVE TO

MOVING SHOT on the highway. The two vehicles are rolling at twenty,
waiting for a start.

All of a sudden they burst forward, headlights coming toward the camera
showing the vehicles shaking. WHIP PAN of both going past, Willie's
truck much the best and far ahead.

CUT TO

EXT. MORNING. CHARLOTTE MOTOR SPEEDWAY.

L.S. Alan's car is on the track ready to take a practice run. He is
about to get in to the car. A bald fellow named "Curley" approaches.
DOLLY IN

CURLEY
(To the mechanics)

You boys get your whipping yet today? I'd say
good morning but, having worked for Alan I know
your not feeling too good about anything.

ALAN

Normally I wouldn't allow a member of another crew about but, as you have no idea what your looking at anyway, what's the harm?

CURLEY

I'm just a stupid clod-buster, right? Isn't that what you called me?

ALAN

That description fits you so well.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT, Alan is in the car and they are rolling it on to the track.

CUT TO

M.S. of Curley standing next to one of Alan's mechanics.

CURLEY

I'd hope for that bastard to crash and burn except for when he got to hell the devil would just send him back.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS, Alan's car is on the track and he's passing the other cars that are also making practice runs. We see Alan forcing some drivers wide and boxing others in. There are nasty looks from the other drivers.

DISSOLVE TO

M.S. The pit crew is watching and shaking their heads.

CREWMAN #1

He's a foul ball, that one is.

CREWMAN #2

He's just making things more difficult for himself. Any one of these other drivers gets a chance to fuck with him in the race will do it.

CREWMAN # 1

Forget it, Alan would never give them that chance. (He pauses) Well, thank God there's no fuel getting loose. He'd have us working around the clock for a month.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. Alan's car is pulling back into the pit area. He gets out of the car and pulls his helmet off.

DOLLY IN

ALAN

As difficult as it seems to believe, the car passed muster. Did you see me playing with those jeep jockeys out there? Incredible that they allow such amateurs to compete here.

CREWMAN #1

Alan, it looked like you were sideslipping on the low trns. Was there a problem?

ALAN

The problem is on the track and I plan to speak with the officials this afternoon. Every time one of these sand lot hot dogs can't negotiate the low turns they bobble or spin out altogether and make a mess of the surface. OK, take the car. I want a complete diagnostic. (He pauses) Right now!

The crew rolls the car away. Another driver approaches Alan. The other driver is obviously upset.

DRIVER

You almost put me into the wall, you bastard.

He tries to grab Alan but Alan pushes him into a pile of tires. Alan is standing over the man, looking down at him.

ALAN

Who the devil are you?

CUT TO

ANGLE SHOT, The man laying in the tires.

DRIVER

I was taking a slow final lap when you came up next to me on the backside and tried to put me into the wall.

CUT TO

M.S. of the two of them

ALAN

That would be the puke-brown Buick that was blocking the high part of the track. If you want to drive like an old woman go into downtown Charlotte. This is a raceway.

DRIVER

But today isn't the day of the race. You know everyone is out there tuning up.

Alan moves closer to the man.

ALAN

You little shit...you presume to tell me how to tune up? Stay the hell away from me on that race track because if I see your stink bomb anywhere near me I'll sacrifice a few positions just to come and get you.

The driver isn't saying another word. Alan backs off.

ALAN

Now pack off.

The driver leaves the area. Alan looks around for a few seconds.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT. Alan starts walking slowly toward his trailer. As he passes the other drivers and their crews no one speaks to him but, P.O.V. Alan, they are staring at him. All of them saw the preceding confrontation. He passes and P.O.V. Alan looks out over the track.

CUT TO

L.S. of reporters waiting for Alan at the trailer. They see Alan approaching and motion to him.

CUT TO

FRONT TRACKING SHOT of Alan walking toward the reporters. He has a perturbed look on his face.

ALAN

Hello Sam, hello Michael, hello, hello, hello...

CUT TO

M.S. of a few reporters.

REPORTER #1

Hello Alan...Question, do you see yourself as the favorite in the race?

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

The car went well this morning and it has the benefit of the best driver. Bad racing luck and chance mechanical breakdowns notwithstanding, I will win the Winston 500.

CUT TO

M.S of the reporters

REPORTER #2

Whom do you regard as your main competition?

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

No one specifically. There are eight or ten competent drivers out there and the rest are hayseeds. Actually, the mediocre drivers help matters somewhat as they manage to ball up at least a few of the contenders.

REPORTER #3 V.O.

Will the fact that many of your fellow drivers have criticized your tactics publicly cause you to modify your approach?

ALAN

Let me say two things. First, I have no regard for the sentiments of others toward me. Second, I win races and that's the name of this game. The only thing of any importance...win races.

Alan abruptly turns and walks into the trailer, slamming the door behind him.

CUT TO

INT. OF MOTEL ROOM, AFTERNOON

M.L.S. Willie is sitting on the deck overlooking the pool. Zeke is on the phone talking to his wife. He is being scolded and he's trying to calm her down. He hangs up the phone, walks out to the deck and sits down next to Willie.

WILLIE

You're my number one boy, Zeke, but you're a pea head too.

ZEKE

All I got to do is listen to that bitch box bitch.

WILLIE

You just miss the chuck house, home boy. You got a fine wife in Precious, you do. Someday I will too.

ZEKE

You done had more fine women already than God allows a man in two lives. Every time one of 'um gets a bead on your black ass you be tearin' down the road like a freight train was after you.

WILLIE

Or I'll have a skate on and do something stupid.

ZEKE

What say we saddle up and ride?

WILLIE

You're as jumpy as a cat in a puddle.

ZEKE

You want to drive Daytona next year? Ten grand and a couple of breaks and your in the papers. Right now your just the almost best wheel man in the country.

WILLIE

That ole girl back in Fort Pierce told me, "Willie, you're the most". (He laughs)

ZEKE

Well, your not the most, your the almost.

WILLIE

Solid, let's us go watch the qualifiers this afternoon. Maybe we can get us a pit row pass and we can look see how them white boys is cheatin' one another.

ZEKE

I reckon nobody gonna learn us nothin', brother man.

CUT TO

EXT. BUSY STREET OUTSIDE OF TOWN

MOVING SHOT of Willie and Zeke driving to the raceway. A fast car pulls up next to them. In the car are two huge white farm boys. The two cars stop for a light. The driver of the car leans out the window.
DOLLY IN

BOY #1

Hey, Yo...sounds like a runner.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke as he looks out the passenger window at them. He turns to Willie.

ZEKE
(To Willie)

We are out here...

WILLIE V.O.

And they are too...

ZEKE
(To the farm boys)

You going to the qualifiers?

CUT TO

M.S. of the farm boys

BOY #1

Yup, we are that.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE

Run you to the speedway entrance for one Benny Franklin

CUT TO

M.S. of the farm boys.

BOY #2

Through traffic? You niggers are crazy.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke, Willie leans over him.

WILLIE

Lights changing...call it.

CUT TO

C.U. of Boy #1

BOY #1

A hundred dollars, let's go.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. Both vehicles take off, weaving in and out of traffic, driving on the shoulder, passing on left turn lanes, completely wild. Willie wins the rally. Both vehicles pull into the speedway parking lot. The drivers get out and start laughing with one another. A hot rod pulls up next to them and two skinny white guys get out. TRACKING SHOT of the two skinny guys walking toward Willie's truck.

SKINNY GUY #1
(To his buddy)

I know this truck. Remember, we seen this rig in Daytona. (To Willie and Zeke) You guys ruled the strip.

CUT TO

M.S. of the two huge farm boys.

FARM BOY #1

Uh-huh...I see.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of Willie, Zeke and the farm boys

WILLIE

(Laughing and giving Zeke a high five)

A C-Note later you see.

FARM BOY #2

Even if we did get stuck in the traffic a little bit, that truck is drop dead fast.

PAN TO the skinny guys.

SKINNY GUY #1

Where are you guys running tonight?

DOLLY IN TO Willie

WILLIE

West, brother. Tell your friends and tell your neighbors.

DISSOLVE TO

L.S. of Willie and Zeke walking away.

ZEKE

(Whispering to Willie)

Why you tell them that? We running east of town.

WILLIE

Because, you jar head, once those two commence to tellin' the world about us we can't get no races nowhere.

DISSOLVE TO

FRONT TRACKING SHOT of the six of them going in to watch the qualifiers.

CUT TO

MONTAGE, Past and present. We see scenes from the qualifiers, stock cars screaming around the track, scenes from Willie's life, his hometown, him building cars, racing them on highways and small dirt tracks. Willie and Zeke are looking out over the track.

WILLIE

Next year we take over these jam joints. (He pauses) You know what, Zeke? My grandpa raced a T-Bone back in the nineteen twenties. I allow that he'd never expect me to get to somewhere like here. I think I'm obliged to make it. (He pauses) What say we get chow bound?

When they made up their minds what had to be done, it wasn't more than mentioned before it was done. TRACKING SHOT of Willie and Zeke walking out of the stadium through a runway.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DAY OF THE WINSTON 500

C.U. of Alan and one of his mechanics going over strategy. There is a lot of crowd noise and there is commotion going on around them in the pit.

MECHANIC

Now, we want to maintain a lap time of around one twenty five. Watch your slalom speed because she'll slip out from under you.

ALAN

Now that that gearbox is broken in I don't think that we'll have a problem.

MECHANIC

Watch the bumps on the inside near the starter's rostrum.

ALAN

Keep me posted as to the time, will you? After the start it should take me a few laps to clean the tires then I'll start chipping tenths off each lap.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the crowd.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT. Alan is in the car as it is being wheeled out onto the track.

CUT TO

ESTABLISHING SHOT of all the cars getting ready for the start.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan in his car.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the other drivers in their cars.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the start of the race. During the race we see MOVING SHOTS of Alan's car interspersed with STOCK FOOTAGE of a NASCAR race.

CUT TO

At the end of the race WHIP PAN Alan's car crossing the finish line first.

DISSOLVE TO

PANNING SHOTS of a celebration, champagne, crowds, etc.
FREEZE FRAME Alan spraying champagne all over people.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. WILLIE'S MOTHERS HOUSE, DAY

Willie, Zeke, Zeke's wife, Precious, Willie's mother, various friends and children, etc. Willie and Zeke are telling stories about their trip.

FRIEND #1

Willie, you ran near forty dashes and lost just two of 'um ?

WILLIE

What is pitiful is that one time I came out second best was for two thousand dollars.

ZEKE

Willie be gettin' to thinkin' he had wings on... and a halo. Says he, I believe I'm gonna whup 'em all this trip. Then, sho' 'nuff, we found us the fastest cracker in the Carolinas.

WILLIE

I was feeling as light as a load of wind.

ZEKE

When that stocker smoked us it felt like we was carrying a load of bricks.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

I truly felt an unnatural power.

DOLLY OUT. Willie's mother walks over and sits next to him.

MOTHER

The day you was born, my son, I seen and felt a spirit like a spirit of Jesus, in you and I felt it in myself, too. (She pauses) When you was a child you would be about something or other and, when someone spoke to you it was like a little angel was talkin' back to 'em. The you'd go back on about what you was doing and who you was talkin' to always come away shaking their heads.

CUT TO

M.S. of friend

FRIEND #2

Yup, Willie been touched like that since I knowed 'um

Everyone laughs.

DISSOLVE TO

M.S. of Willie and his Mother

MOTHER

You always had a power in you, Willie, and you've growed up to be a good man. (She pauses) I believe it's time for your dreams to come true, child.

Willie touches his mother's hand. They look at one another.

CUT TO

M.S. of friend

FRIEND #1

Been three years now since you bought that Buick and I allow as how it's coming along admir'bly... but your gonna be running an old car by next year.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

Bret Cooper won two 400's a few years back with a seven year old Chevy.

FRIEND #2 V.O.

How you lookin' about sponsors ?

WILLIE

Ain't been at it, home boy, but I believe the bank'll come 'round and I can count on fifteen or twenty speed shops I been keeping in business. (He pauses) How do you find yourself these days ?

CUT TO

M.S. of friend

FRIEND #2

Tired of bein' poor, just like I found myself yesterday.

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke

ZEKE
(Laughing)

Since you was born, nigger.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and his wife, Precious.

PRECIOUS

Mr. King Coconut speaking...how bout, since you doin' so high on the hog, I take my vacation now? I'm getting exceedingly tired of sitting at my switchboard every day.

ZEKE

Oh Lord, when your tongue gets loose it takes an hour 'fore I can tie it back down. (He stands up) Here woman. (He hands her a roll of bills) Curl your long black fingers 'round this and go help Mammy shuck the roasting ears.

She gets up to leave with a smile on her face.

DOLLY OUT to include everyone in the room.

WILLIE

I never seen a man so dog-whipped that he hand over his money so easy like.

ZEKE

Or else I get froze out tonight, sure.

They all laugh. Zeke shakes his head and takes a drink of beer.

WILLIE

Well, this is the year of Willie Prophet, I reckon. Got to dance now if I'm going to dance at all.

ZEKE

Daytona. (He pauses) Gonna take some mighty effort, Willie.

WILLIE

I'm going to work past all endurance.

Willie opens another beer. They all look at one another and laugh.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE

Willie boy, I seen you race past your own shadow.
If we don't make it to Daytona next year I'm gonna
go and butt my head against a wall.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

We'll be there. Sure as your born.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE

(Looking at the others)

Sure as your born, says he.

CUT TO

EXT. OF A GARAGE, NIGHT, WE CAN SEE INSIDE.

Willie, Zeke and a few black men are sitting around Willie's car which is being worked on by a couple of mechanics. Two business types walk in to the garage. Willie exchanges greetings with them, they are from the bank.

DOLLY IN, M.S. of Willie and the two men.

WILLIE

So, what say you, Mr. Baker...Mr. Blades.

MR. BAKER

Just came by to see how things are progressing
with you, Willie.

WILLIE

Well, I expect your eyes ain't painted on...have
a look see.

They get up and go into the garage.

WILLIE

We're changing some of the chips in the micro-processor which will boost the power...new gears give her a final drive ratio of 3.07:1...we reduced the camber on the rear suspension to accomodate the new 17 inch tires...steel composition gaskets... let's see, what else ?

They all start to laugh.

WILLIE

The Prophet Buick.

MR. BLADES

(Looks around to make sure they are alone)

You're asking us for an awful lot of money, Willie. (Willie nods in agreement) Your reputation is as good as gold around this county and I know that you can drive a lick...This is one impressive car and we do have confidence in you...but...fifty thousand dollars ? Are you certain we can make it to Daytona ?

WILLIE

Sure as your born.

MR. BAKER

Come around in the morning.

They shake hands and the bankers leave. DOLLY IN, Willie turns and looks at his car.

WILLIE

Looks like you and me'll be struttin' our stuff 'round the grand ballroom.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Willie walking slowly out of the garage to the group of men and girls in front.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE

You're walking in slow motion but it don't appear that you're ticked off...we got it, didn't we ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie. He lifts his head and winks his eyes real slow. A smile on his face turns into a grin.

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke as he lets out a holler. PANNING SHOT of the scene as a celebration begins.

CUT TO

EXT. MORNING. HIALEAH MOTOR SPEEDWAY, A LITTLE TRACK IN SOUTH FLORIDA. JUST A FEW PEOPLE AND CARS AROUND.

Willie and his crew chief, Lester, have trailered the Buick out to the track and they are going to test the car after the most recent changes. Following is a TWO MINUTE MONTAGE of scenes over a passage of time showing the stages of preparation for Daytona. Scenes include time trials, garages, auto speed shops, beer, etc.

CUT TO

TWO MINUTE MONTAGE of NASCAR racing scenes showing Alan in various important races, testing motors in high tech environments, etc. This illustrates the difference between professional racing and the relatively primitive approach Willie has to take..

CUT TO

EXT. DUSK. A BACK ROAD. WILLIE IS GETTING SET TO RACE HIS TRUCK AGAINST A CORVETTE.

P.O.V. Willie looking at Zeke walking back from the Corvette toward the truck.

WILLIE

You make the wager ?

ZEKE

It's been laid, relaid and parlayed. He says that iff'n you beat him he's got a cousin with a stroked Grand National that can whup anything ain't on a track.

WILLIE

Reckon we'll have to see about that one too.

ZEKE

That vette's a roach, let's sandbag him.

Zeke gets in and closes the door.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT as Willie pulls next to the Corvette and they head off down the highway.

DISSOLVE TO

M.S. of Willie and Zeke driving in the pickup. The radio's on and Zeke is counting money.

ZEKE

He says his cousin runs for a thousand.

They ride along for a while saying nothing. Then Willie turns to Zeke.

WILLIE

Papers came today from Daytona...I'm qualifying on Saturday.

ZEKE

When you one rich and famous nigger I hope you're goin' to keep me as your ten percent man.

WILLIE

Reckon your the closest to a brother I ever knowed. You ain't bound to be much around high finance but honest you definitely is that.

ZEKE

You never seen the yard dog bite the junkman.

WILLIE

Pass me a cigarroot, Zeke.

Zeke lights a cigarette and hands it to Willie. Willie starts to laugh.

WILLIE

I come up against John Law yesterday and he chased me clear out to Pahokee. I hate to think those days is gone.

They ride along in silence.

CUT TO

REAR L.S. of Willie's truck going down the road kicking up a cloud of dust.

CUT TO

INT. MORNING. WILLIE'S BEDROOM.

It is the day of the qualifiers, Willie is just waking up. His mother's voice comes from the other room.

MOTHER V.O.

Up and shine, Willie. You got some business today, don't you ?

Willie scratches his head.

WILLIE

Yep'ers...I'm up.

Willie sits up on the edge of the bed, yawning. The sound of a car pulling up the dirt driveway. Willie hears Zeke's voice outside.

ZEKE

Callin' on the new king of the big time raceways, if he's ready to get cracking yet this morning.

Willie gets up.

DISSOLVE TO

The kitchen. Willie sits at the table, his mother puts a cup of coffee in front of him and Zeke walks through the door and sits down at the table.

ZEKE

It's nasty cold this morning. He turns to Willie's mother) Mornin' Mammy, your looking mighty attractive this day.

MOTHER

Apple butter...Willie, you want some eggs ?

WILLIE

Scramble up a helpin' for Zeke and me.(He turns to Zeke) How cold is it ?

ZEKE

Dipped down around thirty and a winds up.

WILLIE

Don't live in a vacuum, can't race in no vacuum. We got no time for tarry.

Willie's mother brings their breakfast and sits down next to Willie.

MOTHER

Child, your the pride of my life. I raised you to be good and you been that. What you got in your head you done found on your own. (She pauses) Iff'n you find yourself in deep water set to shore and don't feel no shame because you tried your best. The next race you'll be in there too.

WILLIE

(Gets up and hugs his mother)

Next race all them crackers will be gunnin' for Willie Prophet instead of the other way around.

Willie and Zeke go out the door.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Willie and Zeke getting in the truck.

DISSOLVE TO

FULL SHOT of the truck and trailer going out the driveway past the chickens; the dogs, etc. The radio is playing and the sound trails off as the truck disappears.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. MORNING. DAYTONA SPEEDWAY.

The day of the qualifiers is a cold and windy one. Willie and Zeke enter the track area and take the race car off the trailer. Yesterday the top drivers on the circuit qualified for pole positions. Today begins the series of 125 mile heats to determine which of the second stringers would qualify for the Daytona 500.

M.S. of Willie and Zeke drinking coffee.

ZEKE

It's blowing stink out here.

WILLIE

(Reading a piece of paper)

Spence qualified at 160, he's got the pole.

ZEKE

Lucifer, 160 ? Who's next ?

WILLIE

Steve Pettit-158, Phil Jones-158, Tommy Rinaldi-155, Max Martin-152.

ZEKE

(Shaking his head)

It's gonna be a long week.

CUT TO

L.S. Willie's crew is pulling up to their space in a Winnebago and a Hi-Cube van. Willie's crew chief is Lester. Crewmembers Sam and Eddie. DOLLY IN to Lester as he opens the door of the Winnebago and steps out. FRONT TRACKING SHOT of Lester walking over to Willie and Zeke.

ZEKE

What's the word, butter boy ?

LESTER

We going this morning ?

WILLIE

This morning...the big dog's gonna growl.

Eddie walks over to them.

LESTER
(To Eddie)

Open her up and check all the wiring.

WILLIE

Make sure I got stereo.

Lester shakes his head and motions for Eddie to get going.

LESTER
(Looking out onto the track)

Looks like they laid a new carpet.

WILLIE
(Hands the paper to Lester)

Looks like it.

LESTER
(Looking at the paper)

Lord, those cars were flat out running !

WILLIE

Yup, the speed boys are here.

Willie looks over at his car.

WILLIE

That girl is far from lazy...she'll bring it.

LESTER

I'm gonna go and check the turbo.

WILLIE

Don't light any matches.

Zeke and Lester walk off.

The P.A. starts to announce the names of the drivers who will be qualifying that morning.

M.S. of Willie looking up into the stands, P.O.V. Willie, the stands are starting to fill up.

DOLLY OUT. Two teenage boys with pit passes walk over to Willie's area.

CUT TO

M.S. of the two boys

BOY #1
(Pointing to Willie's car)

Check it out.

BOY #2
(To Willie)

Good luck today.

CUT TO

Willie nods at them.

CUT TO

M.S. of the two boys.

BOY #1

What are you doing up here ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

I came here to win.

CUT TO

C.U. of Boy #1, snickering.

BOY #1

You came here to what ?

CUT TO

Willie starts to walk toward the boys.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of the boys running away

BOY #1
(As he moves away)

You're in a big dream, dude.

DOLLY OUT. Zeke walks over to Willie.

ZEKE

Scope this out, they're interviewing Alan Spence.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Willie and Zeke walking past cars and crews. They exchange greetings with the locals they know. They get to where the interview is taking place, a big crowd has gathered.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie.

WILLIE
(Mouth open)

It's him...

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan and the T.V. interviewer

INTERVIEWER

Size up the rest of the field, Alan.

ALAN

All right...next to me is Pettit, a strong driver but much too conservative to win. Phil Jones... he's died his whole life in the last twenty miles. Rinaldi's GNX is running well but he hasn't won a major race since 1979. Max Martin is a slow but reliable driver. The rest of them are just commuters.

INTERVIEWER

You've won Daytona four times and your currently on top of the driver standings. What incentive do you have to win here ?

ALAN

Simply because when you're the best you have to keep on proving it.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie and Zeke

WILLIE
(Under his breath)

You were the best.

Although Willie was making his pilgrimage he wasn't lacking in confidence

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie, looking at Alan and the crowd around him.
The track announcer is heard off screen.

TRACK ANNOUNCER V.O.

All drivers entered in this mornings qualifying
heat, you may bring your cars on to the track.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie and Zeke. They smile to one another and turn to walk
away.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of twenty cars on the track. O.S. the track announcer
is barely audible.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT of Willie's car, Willie, Zeke and Lester are standing in
front of it going over strategy.

LESTER

Try to keep a few back and watch the opposition.

WILLIE

(Looking down)

This new surface is like walking on a soapy floor.

ZEKE

(Looking across the field)

Those two black T-Birds are deadly looking.

WILLIE

Those T-Birds are about to meet the black death.

LESTER

Don't be trying to cut square corners...keep it
low.

DOLLY IN to Willie

WILLIE

I'm gonna stand on it, Hoss.

CUT TO

C.U. of Lester

LESTER

You drive the car that hard it won't stay on the track.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

Let's heat 'em up and find out.

DISSOLVE TO

TRACKING SHOT of Willie walking to his car. DOLLY IN, He gets into his car, puts on his helmet and turns on the stereo.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan in a grandstand box with some associates.

ALAN
(Chuckling)

This looks like an antique car show.

The track announcer is heard off screen.

TRACK ANNOUNCER V.O.

Gentlemen, start your engines.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie in his cockpit. The sound system is blasting George Thorogood's "Bad to the Bone".

CUT TO

C.U. of the starter's rostrum...The green flag goes down.

CUT TO

FRONT L.S. of the start. Twenty cars lunge forward.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Lester watching.

ZEKE

He outran the field to the corner. All right !

LESTER

I told him to lay back...

CUT TO

L.S. of Willie's car leading the field

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie driving and singing

WILLIE
(Singing with the radio)

I'm bad to the bone...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS of the race.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie, Lester is on the radio.

LESTER V.O.

You've strung out the field.

WILLIE
(To himself)

Come and get me.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS of the race.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the crowd in the stands.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of one of the black T-Birds taking a low line, coming up next to Willie.

P.O.V. The drivers looking at each other.

DISSOLVE TO

The T-Bird takes the lead.

DISSOLVE TO

The rest of the field dropping back

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie, Lester is on the radio

LESTER V.O.

Push him along...

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

I've got to have more wing...

CUT TO

C.U. of Lester

LESTER
(Into the radio)

You're hanging out the tail too much...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's Buick following the T-Bird, no one else is close.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie, Lester is on the radio

LESTER V.O.

Your running 152.

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

That won't cut it for the pole, I'm gonna dive down low.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's Buick pulling alongside the T-Bird, they are nose to nose.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the rest of the field, all far back. ZOOM IN to a car having a tire blowout.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie. Lester comes on the radio

LESTER V.O.

Keep your eyes open...someone behind you threw a shoe...(He pauses) He got sideways ! (He pauses) There's a wreck...inside...four cars...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's car and the T-Bird passing the wreck scene high on the track.

CUT TO

C.U. of Lester, Willie's voice on the radio.

WILLIE V.O.

It looks like a junkyard out there.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS OF THE RACE

Meanwhile, the two of them kept right on rolling, nose to tail, the T-Bird drafting and Willie driving flat out. The word spread through Gasoline Alley in minutes and now all eyes are on the two car duel.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan in the grandstand box watching with keen interest. For once he wasn't arrogant.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS of the T-Bird right on Willie's ass, going fast.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT. The crowd is in pandemonium. Aside from a few distant trailers it is all Willie, with the T-Bird inches off his rear. The forward rows are filled and people are running down to get closer.

CUT TO

WHIP PAN of the two cars going by.

CUT TO

C.U. of the T-Bird driver.

CUT TO

P.O.V. The back of Willie's car.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie driving. The stereo is blasting.

CUT TO

From Willie's P.O.V. His hood and the open track ahead.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie. Zeke is on the radio

ZEKE V.O.

Make him work low, Willie...

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

How many in the lead lap ?

CUT TO

M.S. Lester and Zeke look at each other. Lester takes the microphone

LESTER
(Into the radio)

You've got to be kidding...

CUT TO

L.S. of the crowd going wild

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's Buick and the T-Bird, still nose to tail at high speed.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan and a companion standing

ALAN

Who is this Prophet ?

COMPANION

He comes from the Florida dirt track circuit.

Alan sits down.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the two cars. Suddenly, the T-Bird starts to make a move underneath.

P.O.V. Willie looking at the T-Bird inching up next to him.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie, he picks up the radio

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

How's my speed ?

LESTER V.O.

163 to 165.

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

Rounding third and I'm coming home...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's Buick as it puts on a burst of speed.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie singing the theme from "Rawhide"

WILLIE
(Singing)

Rollin', rollin', rollin', keep them doggies
rollin'...

CUT TO

L.S. of the crowd in the grandstand cheering as the two cars go by.

CUT TO

C.U. of Lester and Zeke

LESTER
(Into the radio)

Can you back it down ? You've only got a splash
of gas...

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

CUT TO

C.U. of Lester. Willie's voice on the radio

WILLIE V.O.

I'm going to run it out.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the two cars. The T-Bird drafting Willie.

TRACK ANNOUNCER V.O.

Two laps to go.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

(Looking in the rear view mirror)

Wave bye bye.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's car gradually powering out ahead of the T-Bird

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

I want a full report on that driver and that car.

Alan's associate looks at him but says nothing.

CUT TO

WHIP PAN of Willie's Buick going under the checkered flag.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT. The crowd is cheering, slapping each other in disbelief of what they just saw.

TRACK ANNOUNCER V.O.

The winner is Willie Prophet driving a Buick Regal.
(He pauses) Average speed...165 MPH.

CRANE SHOT of an ecstatic crowd.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Lester celebrating

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan sitting down and nodding solemnly.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Willie's car pulling onto pit road. There is a big crowd waiting for him.

CUT TO

DOLLY IN to a C.U. of Willie looking out his window, smiling and he flashes thumbs up.

CUT TO

L.S. of Willie and his crew sitting around a table outside the Winnebago. It is late afternoon, Motown music is playing, they are talking and drinking beer.

CUT TO

M.S. of Sam inside the motor home. He is cooking a big pot of stew and singing. Willie calls him from outside.

WILLIE V.O.

Smells like a slice of heaven, Sam.

SAM

Coming right up, don't go nowheres.

Sam walks out the door.

CUT TO

Outside the motor home people are walking over to congratulate Willie. Max Martin, an older driver, sits down with them.

CUT TO

M.S. of Max, Lester hands him a beer

MAX

I've seen some driving, son...

He starts shaking his head

MAX

I believe a number of the fellows are re-thinking their strategies after what they saw today.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

I could have run five seconds quicker, truth be told, but there wasn't no call, was there ?

DOLLY OUT; Everyone laughs

CUT TO

M.L.S. of the motor home. Eddie is leaning out the door.

EDDIE

Your stew is blubberin' over, Sam.

CUT TO

M.S. of Sam as he jumps up from his chair

SAM

My Lord...

TRACKING SHOT of Sam running toward the motor home

SAM

(Over his shoulder)

Get ready for Sammy's Famous Speedball Stew.

CUT TO

M.S. of Lester sitting down.

LESTER

The car shows no signs of wanting any service. We swapped plugs and changed the oil and I sorted out the handling by adjusting the rear spoiler a couple of degrees.

DOLLY OUT. Willie introduces Lester to Max. They shake hands.

MAX

(To Willie)

You're playing the palace on Sunday. These track nazis will be paying particular attention to you.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

That's the only flea on the hound, Mr. Martin... I'm stepping up, thats plain.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Sam bringing out a pot of stew, filling bowls and passing them around.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie as he continues

WILLIE

If I can change lines enough I'll keep the dogs
off me.

CUT TO

M.S. of Max

MAX

Oh, you'll change lines all right...this race is
never boring.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Alan and another man walking toward the motor home.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie and Max

MAX

Here comes the Darth Vader of auto racing.

DOLLY OUT to Alan reaching their table

WILLIE
(To Alan)

Pull up a chair.

Alan says nothing, he just looks around at the gathering

MAX
(To Alan)

I recommend the stew.

ALAN
(To Max)

Who cooked it, Uncle Ben ?

Alan turns to Willie

ALAN

Your car ran impressively this morning.

WILLIE

That's a fact.

ALAN

I understand this is your first Winston Cup race.

WILLIE

Right again.

TRACKING SHOT. Alan walks around the table to Willie.

ALAN

Where have you been racing, boy ?

WILLIE

I've just been wildcattin' around South Florida.

ALAN

You're just here for a cup of coffee, boy. Don't forget it. Some of the cars you beat this morning still had license plates on them.

WILLIE

(Stands up)

I've come a long way...and not to be fooled with.

ALAN

(Moves closer to Willie)

You left home prematurely...I'm going to bury you.

WILLIE

You'll never get the job done with your mouth.

ALAN

You have to be in superb condition to drive this hard.

WILLIE

(Looks at the others)

Listen to this fish music.

Willie turns to Alan

WILLIE

I allow that your in some distress. The sound of speed unsettle you this morning ?

ALAN

Keep out of my way, boy...

Alan turns abruptly

ALAN

Or you'll watch the race from the ambulance.

DOLLY OUT, Alan walking away briskly.

CUT TO

C.U. of Max

MAX

That guy's got all the charisma of a toll collector.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie and Zeke

WILLIE

(Laughing to Zeke)

He be breaking a sweat or what ?

Willie and Zeke do a high five.

ZEKE

That man reckons we just rode in on a load of poles.

DOLLY OUT. Max gets up to leave

MAX

The whole circuit is really like a family except for Alan...best of luck on Sunday.

WILLIE

(Standing up to shake Max's hand)

Grateful for the visit. Best of luck to you, Mr. Martin.

DOLLY IN, Willie sits back down. M.S. of Willie and Zeke

ZEKE

I suspect Mr. Spence is flipping a big log right about now.

They laugh.

ZEKE

He's the best, Willie.

Willie pauses

WILLIE

Well, the best just found himself a shadow. When its time I'll pass him in a heartbeat and after I get good and gone he'll be second best, Zeke.

They toast

WILLIE

Sure as your born.

Willie gives Zeke a wink of the eye.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DAYTONA SPEEDWAY, THE DAY OF THE RACE.

M.S. of Willie and Lester sitting in the pit area going over some details before the race. Willie is reading a newspaper.

LESTER

I'm counting at least ten cars using that soft British rubber and I'm wondering why.

WILLIE

Track's heating up, they'll be throwing pieces of tire before long.

LESTER

There'll be upwards of twenty lead changes so don't be hot rodding if you don't have to. Breathe the brakes from time to time...Are you listening ?

WILLIE

I'm with you, coach. (He looks at the newspaper) Unbelievable, Willie Prophet, page one !

Zeke walks over with some coffee and sits down.

ZEKE

All those lonely months of testing have paid off, partner.

WILLIE

(Looking at the crowd)

140,000 people, they figure.

LESTER

(Looking at Zeke)

He's in a different zone today.

He looks at Willie

LESTER

You're covered in the pits, home boy, just use your head on the blacktop and we'll be all right.

O.S. The track announcer calls for the cars to come onto the track. Lester gets up and, with Sam and Eddie, starts to push Willie's car away.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie and Zeke

ZEKE

Final exam, let's ace it.

WILLIE

(Getting up to leave)

Talk to me...

REAR TRACKING SHOT as they walk off toward the track

CUT TO

L.S. of the start of the race. The cars are lined up, the drivers inside.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie. DOLLY OUT to M.S. of Willie switching on his sound system. It is playing The Eagles "Midnight Flyer".

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan sitting in his car.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the field revving their engines.

CUT TO

CRANE SHOT, The starter drops the green flag and they're off.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the cars off the line and into the first turn. Alan's car, a red T-Bird, is in the lead, Willie's Buick is a few cars back.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie, cars racing in front of him. Music is playing.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS, After a few minutes of racing Alan is maintaining his lead. The cars are going around the track indian file.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

Breaker, breaker...we've got a high speed caravan.

Lester's voice comes over the radio

LESTER V.O.

Keep drafting them...

The music from LA Law is on the stereo and Willie is pounding his hands on the steering wheel in time with the music driving speeds up to 190 miles an hour.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Alan's car in the lead. Then, another car goes low and tries to pass him. Alan won't let him by. The car backs off and starts to fade as the field passes him high.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie watching the inside car backing up as he passes it.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

Pack it in, Jones.

Willie talks into the radio

WILLIE
(Into radio)

Gonna be a fistfight on the front end...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS of the race. Willie is running in fourth position. ZOOM IN to the second car going low to pass Alan. They run neck and neck until the other car manages to pass him and then goes high in front of Alan. In a split second Alan's car drops down and pulls alongside the other car.

CUT TO

C.U. of the other driver, he is surprised.

CUT TO

FRONT SHOT of the two cars, wheel to wheel. Alan takes a slight advantage. Then, before he is cleared, he drifts high into the path of the other car. The other car veers over and hits the fence.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie, The accident scene in front of him.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE
(Into radio)

The car on the outside hit the fence.

CUT TO

L.S. of the crash. Boards are flying and the outside car is in a spin.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie grimacing.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Alan going by, and then Willie going low in a flash to avoid the wreck.

CUT TO

L.S. Four cars pile into the wreck, there is debris everywhere.

CUT TO

ANGLE SHOT of the starter waving the yellow flag.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of the cars slowing down

CUT TO

M.L.S. of Zeke, Lester, Sam and Eddie

EDDIE

That was as close as you'll ever get.

LESTER

I just hope he didn't run over something and cut a tire.

ZEKE

Willie will be storming now.

EDDIE

I hear the thunder.

ZEKE

He gets intense when he knows he's in a fight.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie's car, ZOOM IN to M.S. of Willie in his car as they go around the track under the caution

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie looking at the red T-Bird in front of him.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

(Into the radio)

He buried that guy...he's crazy...

Lester's voice comes over the radio

LESTER V.O.

Stay in the same groove, Willie...don't go after him yet.

WILLIE

(Into the radio)

Here comes the green.

CUT TO

M.S. of the starter waving the green flag

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Alan taking off with Willie in hot pursuit. Six other cars are in close contention.

CUT TO

L.S. of the crowd in the stands as the cars go by

CUT TO

M.S. of the track announcer

ANNOUNCER

Alan Spence in car #12 leads the field past the halfway mark, #22, Willie Prophet is second, Tommy Rinaldi in car #19 is third...

His voice trails off

DISSOLVE TO

C.U. of Zeke

ZEKE

I don't trust him.

CUT TO

C.U. of Lester

LESTER

Alan ?

CUT TO

M.S. of the two of them looking at each other

ZEKE

No, Willie...I know he's het up and when the boy gets a notion to scuffle...

SMASH CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. Alan and Willie roar by, inches apart

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. Alan, seeing Willie's car in his rear view mirror

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN
(To himself)

How do I shake this nigger ?

He looks in the mirror.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOTS of the race. Meanwhile, Rinaldi's Pontiac has gone low and is side by side with Willie. They go on like that around turn one and into turn two. On the back straightaway Rinaldi pulls ahead and is next to Alan's car. Alan moves down from the fence forcing Rinaldi to the inside part of the track.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie watching the cars in front of him.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. All of a sudden Willie sees Alan's car drift high. In a second Willie puts his car into the open spot between them.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Lester

ZEKE

Oh Lord, three of them across the track.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the crowd loving it

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE
(To himself)

Ride 'em cowboy...yee hah !

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the three cars going in to turn four side by side. They are banging into one another.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

I tried to put her into a power slide but they're
glued to my doors.

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke and Lester, Willie's voice on the radio

WILLIE V.O.

There's one of 'em bangin' me on either side...

Zeke makes the sign of the cross

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the three lead cars. On turn one Rinaldi drops back
and it is Willie and Alan, wheel to wheel.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Lester

LESTER
(Into the radio)

How's she holding together ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE
(Into the radio)

She's not even breaking a sweat. Going one-ninety
as easy as breathing.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie and Alan's cars going 190 MPH, side by side,
bumping each other

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the crowd going wild

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Lester. Willie's voice on the radio

WILLIE V.O.

Ask Sam whats for dinner tonight...

Zeke and Lester look at each other

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie looking over at Alan's car

WILLIE
(To Alan)

See it...(He guns the car)...and believe it !

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Willie slingshotting past Alan and up to the high part of the track

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan, he is pissed

ALAN

He's a fucking madman.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the two cars. ZOOM IN on the front of Alan's car nudging the back of Willie's Buick

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie looking in his rear view mirror

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the two cars

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan smiling

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan, Willie's car up ahead

CUT TO

L.S. All of a sudden Alan's car surges forward and hits the left rear of Willie's car.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT. Willie's car hits the outside fence and comes off spinning like a runaway top

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Lester, mouths open. Willie's voice comes over the radio

WILLIE V.O.

Mama, Mama, pray for your son...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. A trailing car hits Willie's Buick, then Willie's car is hit again. It explodes. ZOOM IN to the burning wreck. Willie isn't getting out of the car

CUT TO

L.S. of fire engines and ambulances going to the scene

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke and Lester

LESTER
(Into the radio)

Willie...Willie...get out of the car...

He turns to Zeke

ZEKE

Oh no...

CUT TO

L.S. The fire trucks put out the fire and Willie is pulled from the wreck

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the crowd. People are going over the fences

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of people running across the track to the accident.

DISSOLVE TO

FRONT SHOT. Zeke and Lester arrive at the wreck. They crouch down next to Willie.

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke

ZEKE
(Screaming)

Willie...Oh my God...Willie...

Zeke looks upward to heaven

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the other cars going by slow

DISSOLVE TO

C.U. of Alan looking at the wreck

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. Alan. Seeing the wreck as he goes by

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie. His suit is badly burned and he is in pain

WILLIE

All hell broke loose...

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke

ZEKE

Stay quiet partner.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie looking up at Zeke

WILLIE

I put 'em away, didn't I, Zeke ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke, he nods to him

DOLLY OUT. The paramedics pull Zeke away and start to work on Willie

DISSOLVE TO

TRACKING SHOT. Zeke walks over to Lester

LESTER

How is he ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Zeke, tears are streaming down his eyes. He shakes his head

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Alan after the race. A crowd has gathered at his pit area.

ALAN
(To another man)

My adoring fans.

When he arrives they start shouting obscenities.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN
(To the crowd)

I am not responsible for what happened to that young man. He sat behind the wheel of his own free will.

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the crowd. They are still screaming at Alan. Some of them start to throw bottles at him.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan putting his hands up over his face. TRACKING SHOT of Alan running from the crowd as security guards try to hold them back.

FREEZE FRAME of the angry crowd.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DAY. ROCKINGHAM SPEEDWAY

MOVING SHOTS of a NASCAR race. Alan's car is leading. He's lapping some of the slower cars when a car in front of him has a blowout and spins into the path of Alan's car. Alan's car collides with it and spins into the infield.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan slamming his hands against the steering wheel in disgust

CUT TO

The interior of Alan's trailer. He is sitting with some of his sponsors.

DOLLY IN TO MAN #1

MAN #1

This makes three races in a row where you have'nt completed twenty laps.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

Go to hell...how could I have avoided that idiot ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Man #1

MAN #1

Since Daytona your racing luck has been all bad.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN
(Standing up)

Are you worried, little man ?

TRACKING SHOT. He starts to walk around the room.

ALAN

The minute you feel that I am not capable of winning I'll get the paint remover and scrape

There is a knock on the trailer door.

ALAN

Come in.

CUT TO

M.S. of a man entering the trailer

MAN

Alan, we need to talk.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

(To the others)

You people are finished here, there's the door.

CUT TO

C.U. of the two men looking at each other
They get up to leave. ZOOM in to Man #1

MAN #1

We'll sponsor Talladega, Alan, but that's it.
I hope you won't disappoint us.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. He points to the door.
DOLLY OUT. As the men leave the other man sits down.
TRACKING SHOT of Alan walking around his desk and sitting down.
ZOOM IN to Alan

ALAN

What's your problem ?

CUT TO

C.U. of the man

MAN

I've got some bad news. The track officials at
Talladega have decided to vote on whether or not
to allow you to race there next month.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

What ?

CUT TO

M.S. of the man

Apparantly they feel that what has occurred in the last three races combined with your previously questionable driving tactics merited their attention.

DOLLY OUT. Alan gets up and is walking around

ALAN

I've won more Winston Cup races than anyone. I can't believe what I'm hearing.

He goes back to his desk and dials the telephone.
DOLLY IN

ALAN

(Into the telephone)

Let me speak with Jim Miller.

He is put on hold.

ALAN

(To the man)

They have always had it in for me.

ALAN

(Into the phone)

Jim...Alan Spence...What's this nonsense about ruling me off the track...(He pauses) You've already voted ? (He pauses) Jim...you know that other tracks will follow suit...(He pauses)

Alan hangs up the telephone. He turns to look out the window.

ALAN

He is suggesting that I redeem myself at the sprint car level. This is beyond belief.

DOLLY OUT. The man gets up to leave

MAN

I'll tell the crew.

He goes out

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan He takes a bottle and a glass from his desk and pours a drink
He dials the telephone

ALAN

(Into the phone)

Johanna, it's Alan. (He pauses) I'm being barred from the Winston Cup Series.

He puts his head in his hands

ALAN

I've never experienced bad fortune like this.
If there's a God he's punishing me for something.
(He pauses) I'm driving over to your place. (He pauses) I'll see you in an hour.

Alan hangs up the phone

TRACKING SHOT of Alan walking to the door, he has a drink in his hand.
He opens the door.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan standing outside the trailer

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. PANNING SHOT of pit road. The race is over and drivers and crews are returning to the trailer area. As people walk by they look at Alan smugly.

CUT TO

FULL SHOT of Alan standing there drinking

CUT TO

EXT. DAY.

L.S. Alan and two of his mechanics are standing next to Alan's
wrecked T-Bird
ZOOM IN SLOWLY

ALAN

If this fuel cell had ruptured I wouldn't be
standing here now. (He pauses) It was a matter
of inches.

MECHANIC #1

Have you heard from Ford concerning a replacement
car ?

ALAN

They are deciding whether to continue my sponsor-
ship at a lower level. Apparantly, some members
of their racing division have suggested suspend-
ing our business relationship until I return to
NASCAR racing.

MECHANIC #1

Well then, where are we going to race now ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN
(He pauses)

I won't be needing your services anymore. I've
decided to look for an independent to drive
for and, as you know, they have their own mechanics.

CUT TO

M.S. The mechanics look at one another.

MECHANIC #2

You mean to tell us you're firing us ? Just
like that ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

ALAN

I'm afraid so. I really have no other choice.
Your checks are in the trailer.

CUT TO

C.U. of Mechanic #1

MECHANIC #1
(Looks at Mechanic #2)

This dog's been kicked once too often.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of the mechanics approaching Alan. One of them spits
in his face. DOLLY OUT. There is a struggle as Alan grabs the mechanic.
All three are scuffling and the two mechanics get the better of Alan.
They hit him in the face a few times, drop him and walk out.

CUT TO

ANGLE SHOT of Alan sitting on the floor in a corner holding the side
of his face
DOLLY OUT. He gets up slowly and looks around

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. Everything is blurry. He sees two men walking toward him

CUT TO

P.O.V. Man #1 as Man #2 helps Alan to a chair.

MAN #2

What in heaven's name happened to you ?

ALAN

Those ungrateful sons of whores...

Alan is holding the side of his face

CUT TO

C.U. of Man #1

MAN #1

That it hasn't happened sooner is the truly
remarkable part.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan as he tries to focus on whom, exactly, the two men are

CUT TO

M.S. of Man #1

MAN #1

What a pleasure...seeing the arrogant fall.

He laughs

MAN #1
(To Man #2)

The mighty Alan Spence...

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

Who the hell are you two clowns ?

CUT TO

M.S. of the two men

MAN #1

Ever hear of Amos White ?

ALAN V.O.

Small time racer...so what ?

CUT TO

M.S. of the two men

MAN #1

Mr. White is looking for a driver for his second car.

MAN #2

He felt that, under the circumstances, he might be in a position to acquire your services.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

Your asking me to drive backup on a sprint car team ? Why would I consider it ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Man #1

MAN #1

For you, it seems, it may be the only game in town. Interested ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

No.

DOLLY OUT. Alan stands up and walks to a refrigerator and takes out three bottles of beer. He walks over to the two men and offers each a bottle

ALAN

Maybe.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Johanna pulling into the trailer area in her red Porsche. She parks it next to Alan's trailer and gets out of the car. As she starts toward the trailer the two mechanics emerge. They are cussing Alan out.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of Johanna as the two mechanics approach.

JOHANNA

Is Alan inside ? He was supposed to meet me over an hour ago.

MECHANIC #1

He's in the garage, Johanna, but I wouldn't go in there.

JOHANNA

What happened ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Mechanic #1

MECHANIC #1

We just beat the crap out of him.

CUT TO

P.O.V. The mechanics. Johanna is walking away from them toward the garage

CUT TO

M.S. Johanna enters the garage. She sees Alan and the two men and walks toward them

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. His face is swollen

ALAN

The queen of my life.

CUT TO

M.S. of Johanna

JOHANNA

The king of disaster. What happened to you ?
Look at your face.

She walks over to him.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan and Johanna

ALAN

I was attacked by unfaithful servants.

JOHANNA

Alan...those two aren't exactly Rambo and the Terminator. Your face is a mess.

The two men laugh. DOLLY OUT to include all four in the scene

ALAN

Johanna, wait for me in the trailer, I have some business to attend to with these gentlemen.

JOHANNA

You can call me at home.

CUT TO

M.S. of Johanna walking out

CUT TO

M.S. Alan sits with the two men

ALAN

Let's talk shop.

CUT TO

INT. WILLIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

PANNING SHOT. Willie is in bed. Zeke, Willie's mother and two black girls are visiting him

ZEKE

How's about some barbeque seasoned up with red pepper.

DOLLY IN to Zeke bringing a plate of ribs over to Willie

WILLIE

My number one Honcho. (He smells the food) Heaven
on the earth.

He starts to eat them

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

How are you feeling today, Willie ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

Well, Mama, aside from these two broken legs,
these cracked ribs and burnt over half my body
I'm in doggie heaven. (He-pauses) How you feeling
Mama ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

Aside from a misery over what you done to yourself
and worried sick cause I know your bound and de-
termined to do it again I guess I'm in that there
doggie heaven too. (She laughs)

DOLLY OUT to include the whole room

GIRL #1

I've got something to give you when you find
yourself home again, Willie.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

Some of that T.L.C. I'm bettin'.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE
(To the girl)

You better get hold of yourself, girl. (He turns to Willie) They lined up outside the house right now.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie's mother

MOTHER
(Nodding)

That's sure enough a fact.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE

You down but you down in style. (He pauses) There's plenty of folks waitin' to shake your hand, Willie.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie. One of the girls has gone over to him and is fixing his pillow. He looks very serious.

WILLIE

He knows I'll be coming after him.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie's mother. She has a very troubled look on her face. She looks at Willie, then at the others

MOTHER

Zeke, you go ahead now and take these fillies with you. I want to talk to my son alone.

Zeke and the girls get up and say their goodbyes and leave DOLLY IN to Willie's mother moving her chair next to the bed. She takes his hand.

MOTHER

You won't be racing against that man any more.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE
(Looking puzzled)

Say again ?

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie's mother. She pauses and then speaks

MOTHER

Day after you crashed and we heard all about what happened I took the Greyhound up to Daytona. (She pauses) Zeke met me at the station and drove me out to the track where I seen Mr. Alan Spence.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

You spoke with him ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

I told him for what he done he couldn't never drive no more. (She pauses) And he laughed about it...Never no "I'm sorry ma'ams" or nothin...just laughed and told me "get out". Called me an old darkey fool.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie sitting there with his mouth open

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

So I left him there.....with that curse on 'im.
 (She pauses) And I told him right into his eyes
 that it ain't how strong's my spirit...and it
 ain't how powerfuls my curse...but it's how bad
 you was to get it that'll tell. And I gave it
 to 'um. And I expect by now he's crazy...going
 on crazier.

DOLLY OUT to show the two of them
 Willie still doesn't know what to say

MOTHER

So get it out of your head, Willie... 'bout racing
 him again. Because he's yesterdays papers...
 yesterdays news.

WILLIE

Mama, are you believin' you took the top race
 driver in the world and cursed him out of business ?
 I know he crashed a few lately but he'll be back,
 he'll be on top again. He's too good...and he's
 too mean.

MOTHER

He'll have a better chance wrestling his own
 shadow.

WILLIE

Why, Mama ? Next time around I'd beat up on him
 anyway.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

Willie, I had no way of knowin' if you was gonna
 live or die. I done it because it had to be done.

DOLLY OUT. She gets up

MOTHER

Right now you couldn't win a foot race with a
 fence post...You get your rest and I'll be around
 this evenin' to see you.

She kisses him and leaves. DOLLY IN to show Willie sitting in bed
 with a perplexed look on his face

CUT TO

L.S of the door to Willie's room. Lester walks in and goes over to the bed. He hands a newspaper to Willie

LESTER

I'm not believin' what I'm readin'.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie looking at the newspaper. Lester is still talking

LESTER V.O.

Alan Spence...driving sprint cars for Amos White.
Against boys...and that butt weld couldn't make
ten laps...He crashed again...

DOLLY OUT slightly. Willie looks up from the paper-directly in to the camera

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. JOHANNA'S APARTMENT

Alan is sitting at the kitchen table making telephone calls. He is drunk, hasn't shaved, etc...

ALAN
(Into telephone)

To hell with Amos White, he's a scared old man... you know that I can drive. (He pauses) I'm offering you the benefit of my services. (He pauses) No, but you will be sorry.

He pours another scotch and drinks it

ALAN

I'm getting shut out of sprint cars...fucking sprint cars.

He puts his head down on the table. The telephone rings, he picks it up.

ALAN

Yes ? (He pauses) Where are you Johanna ? (He pauses) But your car is in the driveway. (He pauses) What do you mean, you had a lunch date ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Johanna on a pay phone in a restaurant

JOHANNA

Alan, I didn't invite you over there in the first place. You came in drunk...you sound like your drunk again.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

Where are the keys to your car ? (He pauses) Well, you must keep a spare set. (He pauses) Thank you very much and do enjoy your "lunch date".

DOLLY OUT. He hangs up the phone and takes another drink
 DOLLY OUT. He gets up. TRACKING SHOT he goes into the cupboard and
 takes a set of keys off a hook. He goes back to the table, pours
 another drink, downs it and turns to leave. The door closes behind
 him

CUT TO

FRONT M.S. of Alan driving the red Porsche. He is on a highway.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. He is driving in the fast lane, a slow car is in front
 of him and another one is blocking the right lane

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan honking the horn

ALAN

Come on...come on, you pork ass...

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. The cars in front of him

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan leaning on the horn

ALAN

Take it out of first, for God's sake...

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT. A black Corvette has pulled behind Alan. The slow car
 in front finally moves to the right lane and Alan pulls alongside it

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan looking at the other driver and pointing at him

ALAN

You...are a fucking idiot...

A horn blasts...Alan is startled momentarily. He looks in the rear-
 view mirror

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. The black Corvette in the mirror

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. He shifts and guns the motor

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the Porsche pulling away. The Corvette simply moves into the clear right lane with no intention of pursuing him

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. The Corvette in the mirror

ALAN

Hah ! Punk.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. Right in front of him is the back of a tractor trailer. There's no way he can avoid it and he plows into it

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan ducking sideways

CUT TO

L.S. The Porsche goes under the trailer, smashing into the rear axle housing. The truck jams on it's brakes smoking the tires and dragging the half visible Porsche along with it
The trailer pulls over, other cars stop

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT. The driver gets out of the cab and runs to the back of the trailer. He sees the Porsche buried into the rear, smoke is coming from the tires. The driver runs back to the cab and runs back to the rear of the trailer with a fire extinguisher and sprays everything

ALAN V.O.

Stop spraying...you're choking me...

DOLLY OUT AND ANGLE to capture the whole accident scene, skid marks, people, etc.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan. He is sitting in the back seat of a police car. His head is bandaged.

ALAN
(Exasperated)

Yes, yes, yes I was at fault. Yes, I was drinking and yes, I am fucking injured, you moron...

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. The cop in the front seat picks up his radio

COP
(Into the radio)

We have one injured, request an ambulance.
(He turns to Alan) Please wait in the car, sir.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of the cop walking over to another cop standing next to the wreck. Cop #2 is black

COP #1

The guy in my car is Alan Spence...recognize the name ?

Cop #2 nods. TRACKING SHOT of cop #2 walking back to the police car. He opens the back door and crouches down outside

CUT TO

M.S. of Cop #2 with Alan in the foreground

COP #2

Truth be told. (He pauses and looks down) if this was night...instead of day...you'd be hurtin' a lot worse than you are, cracker.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan. He looks surprised, mouth open. He begins to speak but before he can say anything

CUT TO

C.U. of Cop #2. He lunges forward and spits in Alan's face

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan wincing and jumping back in the seat

CUT TO

M.L.S. of Cop #2 slamming the door. TRACKING SHOT of him walking back to the wreck. DOLLY IN to both cops

COP #2

This one's yours to call, John. Do the right thing.

Cop #1 nods his head. TRACKING SHOT of Cop #1 walking back to the police car. He gets in

CUT TO

M.S. of Cop #1 leaning over the seat looking at Alan

COP #1

Mr. Spence, I'm citing you for reckless driving, driving in excess of the speed limit, driving while intoxicated...

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. He closes his eyes and slumps down in the seat.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. DAY

L.S. Alan and Johanna are walking from a courthouse. DOLLY IN

JOHANNA

Your attorney is repulsive.

Alan says nothing. TRACKING SHOT of the two of them going to a car. DOLLY IN. Johanna starts to unlock the drivers side door, Alan stops her and takes the keys

ALAN

I'll drive.

JOHANNA

Alan, no !

He opens the door and gets in

ALAN

Come on...get in.

CUT TO

C.U. of Johanna looking annoyed

JOHANNA

Alan, please...

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

Please, no ! Now get in.

Camera stays on Alan as she walks around the car to the other door

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the car pulling out of the parking lot

CUT TO

FRONT C.U. of Alan and Johanna in the car. They drive along without speaking. She is mad

ALAN

I need a drink.

CUT TO

C.U. of Johanna

JOHANNA

No ! Don't even think about it, Alan.

CUT TO

FRONT C.U. of Alan and Johanna. They drive some more without speaking

ALAN

(Turns to her)

Forgive my language but **Fuck You**, Johanna...
What do you suppose I've just been through...in
that scummy prison...with those scummy niggers...

He pulls the car over to the right

P.O.V. Alan. A tavern ahead

CUT TO

C.U. of Johanna

JOHANNA

You're a bastard.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Johanna. Alan gets out of the car and goes into the bar

CUT TO

INT. of the Tavern. Alan is the only one in the place. He is sitting at the bar drinking scotch

CUT TO

M.S. of the door. Johanna walks in and looks around. TRACKING SHOT as she walks over to Alan

JOHANNA

Give me the keys, Alan. You can take a cab to wherever your going.

He gets up and kicks over his bar stool

ALAN
(Screaming)

To wherever I'm going ? Where am I going ? I'm here...and you're here...and neither of us is going anyfuckingwhere !!!

She slaps him in the face. TRACKING SHOT of Johanna walking to the pay phone

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan

ALAN

Get back over here...I'm going with you...

CUT TO

C.U. of Johanna

JOHANNA
(Loudly to Alan)

You're **not** going with me, **anywhere**.
(She talks into the phone) I want to report a
stolen car.

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Alan bolting toward her

CUT TO

C.U. of Johanna

JOHANNA

Don't come near me, Alan ! (She talks hurriedly
into the telephone) I'm with Alan Spence at the
Roadside Tavern and he's coming after me.

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan as he stops in his tracks. He looks at her with wild
eyes, spits on the floor and TRACKING SHOT of him walking out of
the tavern

CUT TO

M.S. of Johanna as she closes her eyes, hangs up the phone and slumps
down into a chair in relief

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of Alan in the car going down the road. He slows for a
red light.

CUT TO

FRONT C.U. of Alan

ALAN

I've had nothing but bad luck since Daytona.

He lights a cigarette and looks out into space

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. Alan. MONTAGE the crash, Willie's mother

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan. He shakes his head to clear it

ALAN

That Goddamned woman !

CUT TO

REAR CRANE SHOT of Alan's car stopped at the red light. Then, another car comes along and smashes into the rear of Alan's car

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan being jolted by the impact

ALAN

(Looking in the rear view mirror)

Holy shit !

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. The other car in the mirror

CUT TO

WIDE ANGLE SHOT of both drivers getting out of their cars. The man in the rear car is visibly drunk. They meet at the juncture of the two cars and look down at the damage. DOLLY IN SLOWLY

ALAN

You stupid shit !

MAN

(Shaking his head)

Oh no, oh no.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

Oh no, your fucking asshole...(He looks closer at the man) You're drunk !

CUT TO

PANNING SHOT of the police arriving at the scene. Alan walks over to the cop

ALAN

This idiot just plowed into me.

DOLLY OUT. The cop moves closer to Alan

COP

Have you been drinking, sir ?

ALAN

Have I been drinking ? Take a look at **him** ! (Alan points to the other man)

The cop looks over at the man and then back to Alan

COP

Please wait in your car, sir.

DISSOLVE TO

M.S. of Alan sitting in the car, legs out in the street. DOLLY OUT.
The cop walks over

COP

Sir, I'd like you to submit to a sobriety test.

ALAN

I was stopped...I was stopped at the light...I wasn't even moving...

DOLLY OUT. The other driver staggers over

MAN

It was my fault, occifer...

Alan jumps up and lunges at the man

ALAN

You idiot ! You brainless, hairless idiot !

The cop gets between them

DISSOLVE TO

INT. Johanna's house.
M.S. of Johanna talking on the telephone

JOHANNA

I don't care, Alan...call your lawyer. (She pauses)
You and I are history.

She hangs up the phone

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan hanging up the phone. He is in the police station
PAN TO the cop walking over to Alan

COP

I'm afraid we'll have to hold you, sir. This way,
please.

He leads Alan away

CUT TO

FULL SHOT of Alan lying on a cot in a jail cell

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. ALAN. MONTAGE of the Daytona crash with Willie

DISSOLVE TO

FULL SHOT of Alan lying on the jail cot

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. Alan. MONTAGE of Willie's mother

DISSOLVE TO

M.S. of Alan lying on the jail cot

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. Alan. MONTAGE. C.U. of Willie's mother's face

DISSOLVE TO

C.U. of Alan's face. He opens his mouth as he seems to realize something

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. DAY

Alan is a passenger in a pickup truck being driven by a black man.
M.S. of the two men

MAN

Where 'bouts you goin' in Okechobee, Mister ?

ALAN

I'm going to see a man named Willie Prophet.
Do you know him ?

MAN

Why sho', I reckon I do. I knowed Willie since
he was a young 'un. I hear tell he's banged up
pretty bad right now. (He looks over at Alan)
You a friend of his ?

ALAN

Just taking care of business.

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the truck pulling into a diner parking lot

CUT TO

M.S. of the man

MAN

I could use a pop. How 'bout yo'se'f ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan opening the door

ALAN

I suppose I could, too.

CUT TO

M.L.S. The man comes around the truck and, when he sees Alan getting out, he holds out his hands.

MAN

You wait here, Mister.

TRACKING SHOT of the man walking into the diner leaving Alan standing next to the pickup

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of another pickup pulling into the lot. A black man looks out the passenger window at Alan. He looks hostile

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of the man coming out of the diner and walking toward the truck with two bottles of beer. He goes over to the passenger side

MAN

I been on the road since Macon...you can take her in from here.

Alan slides over and the man gets in

ALAN

Fine.

CUT TO

CLOSE MOVING SHOT of the truck pulling out . Alan's face looking out the window

DISSOLVE TO

M.S. of the two of them driving along and drinking beer

MAN

What's your line of business, Mister ?

ALAN

I'm a race driver.

The man looks at his dirty, wrinkled clothing and unshaved face and tries to imagine Alan as anything but a bum he picked up hitch hiking

MAN

Do tell.

He pauses and drinks some beer

MAN

Willie been racin' since he was 'bout ten, I figure.

DISSOLVE TO

P.O.V. Alan. The road ahead of him

DISSOLVE TO

MONTAGE. The wreck at Daytona

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan driving

DISSOLVE TO

MONTAGE. Willie's mother

CUT TO

M.S. of the man dozing off in the passenger seat

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan's face in a panic as the truck blows out the right front tire

CUT TO

M.S. of the two of them. The man wakes up and puts his hands on the dash. The truck is shimmying and shaking

CUT TO

MOVING SHOT of the pickup out of control and going into a deep drainage ditch where it comes to rest nose down

CUT TO

FULL SHOT of the truck in the ditch. Alan and the man crawl out. They climb up out of the ditch and are sitting on the bank in the grass

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. He has bashed his head on the windshield

ALAN

Ohhh, my head...(He looks at the man) Are you all right ?

DOLLY OUT

MAN

I been meaning to change that tire.

Alan shakes his head

CUT TO

EXT. TWILIGHT

L.S. of a wrecker pulling the pickup out of the ditch
DOLLY IN. Alan has a bandage on his head

ALAN
(To the man)

I'm sorry about your truck. I'm going to be on
my way now.

MAN

Still got twenty miles 'till Okechobee...best bet
for a ride is to wait right here.

Alan gets up and starts to walk away

ALAN

I'm going to walk

CUT TO

M.S. of the man calling to him

MAN

Iff'n I see you on the road I'll pick you up.

CUT TO

M.L.S. of Alan walking away. He turns around

ALAN

Don't pick me up. I'm walking.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. NIGHT

L.S. of Alan walking on the shoulder of the road. Every so often a truck zooms by pulling a gust of wind behind it.

CUT TO

FRONT M.S. of Alan walking

DISSOLVE TO

MONTAGE of all the victory celebrations, the newspaper clippings, the limousines, etc.

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. A sign ahead reading "Okechobee City Limit"

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan. His face is dirty, bandaged. He's looking up at the sign
DOLLY OUT. He walks over to the edge of the tree line, lies down
and goes to sleep

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. MORNING

M.S. of Alan waking up. He sits up and looks around

CUT TO

P.O.V. Alan. The cars going by up on the highway

CUT TO

INT. of Willie's hospital room.
Zeke and his wife are visiting Willie.
M.S. of Zeke and his wife, Precious

PRECIOUS

I'm hopin' you come out soon, Willie. You used
to keep Zeke around home. Lately, he's been goin'
jukin' every night.

ZEKE
(To Willie)

Sounds like a barkin' doggie.

He turns to Precious

ZEKE

Yap, yap, yap...be quiet now, doggie...

PRECIOUS

If you jus' had half the sense you was born with...

ZEKE

(Looking at her)

My blood pressure's gettin' mad now...

CUT TO

FRONT TRACKING SHOT of Willie's mother coming down the hospital corridor, she hears the arguing sounds coming from Willie's room. The camera follows her into the room.

CUT TO

FRONT M.S. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

Enough of this cat callin'.

TRACKING SHOT of Willie's mother going over to Zeke and Precious

MOTHER

Listen here, Precious. I'd be obliged if you'd run over to my house and help Rose Ann look after the chores.

PRECIOUS

All right, Miz Prophet. I'm near played out with this one anyways.

She raises her hand, Zeke jumps back.
She gets up to leave

PRECIOUS

I hope your happy.

ZEKE

I'm happy just knowin' your goin'.

PRECIOUS
(To Willie)

Bye bye, Willie.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

You take care now, Precious.

Willie looks around at his mother

WILLIE

How you feelin', Mama ? You lockin' a sort tired.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

That fellow from the bank...Mr. Blades...he come around this morning with a big old picture...it was blowed up real big...the picture of your car wreck that was in the newspapers...He start poppin' off hows it was good publ...publik...

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

Publicity.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie's mother and Zeke

MOTHER

Yeah...his bank's name showin' up so good like that on the car...gettin' in the papers and all... He was grinnin' and carrying on...I set the dogs on him and Old Luke, I reckon, got to his leg cause he come back with blood 'tween his choppers. Nerve of that man !

ZEKE

That's white folks, Miz Prophet.

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

Doctor was in this morning, says he, Willie, you ready to get up out of here ? I says to him "Sure as your born".

Suddenly Willie stops talking and looks over at the doorway

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan standing in the doorway. He is dirty, disheveled and nervous

ALAN

Willie....(Looks at Willie's mother) Mrs. Prophet...

CUT TO

TRACKING SHOT of Zeke going behind Alan to close the door. He walks around to the front of Alan, rears back and busts him in the face. Alan goes down in a heap

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie laughing hysterically

CUT TO

ANGLE DOWN M.S. of Alan on the floor, blood coming out of his mouth. He looks up at Zeke who is standing over him

ALAN

You plan to hit me again ?

CUT TO

ANGLE UP M.S. of Zeke

ZEKE

I should get my shotgun and shoot you dead.

Alan gets up

ALAN
(To Willie)

I came to apologize. I want to make things right.

CUT TO

M.S. of Zeke and Willie's mother. Zeke sits down

ZEKE

Meanin' you want to make things right for yourself.

DOLLY OUT. Alan takes a chair and puts it next to Willie's mother.
He sits down

ALAN

I'm in a lot of trouble and things are going from
bad to worse.

MOTHER

I know it.

ALAN

I need your forgiveness.

MOTHER

No harm been done to me.

She points to Willie

MOTHER

You best be talkin' to my son. (She leans a little
closer to Alan) And you best not be talkin trash.

TRACKING SHOT of Alan walking over to Willie's bed

ALAN

I ask your forgiveness, Willie.

CUT TO

C.U. of Willie

WILLIE

Why'd you do it, Mr. Spence ?

CUT TO

M.S. of Alan. He puts his head down

ALAN

Because I knew you were going to beat me. (He pauses) I couldn't let a rookie...(He pauses)

ZOOM in to C.U. of Alan

ALAN

A black boy...show me up...

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

I had it won...

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan

ALAN

You had it won, Willie...

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie

WILLIE

Look at him, Mama. I don't know iff'n you did this to him...but, whatever it is you done, (He starts laughing) I want you to learn me how to do it too !

CUT TO

FULL SHOT of the room. Willie and Zeke are laughing

DOLLY IN TRACKING SHOT of Willie's mother walking over to Alan

CUT TO

P.O.V. Willie's mother looking at Alan

MOTHER

Where you from, boy ?

ALAN

New York City...

CUT TO

M.S. of Willie's mother

MOTHER

I suggest you git back to where you come from,
hea ? (She raises her voice) I won't tell you
no more...git back to where you come from. (She
lowers her voice) By and by, you'll know what's
been done.

DOLLY OUT. Alan stands up and offers his hand to Willie. They shake hands. He offers his hand to Willie's mother

MOTHER
(Loudly)

I said git !

Alan looks at her and walks out

PANNING SHOT of Willie, Zeke and Willie's mother. She is smiling and shaking her head. Willie and Zeke are chuckling.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. OF A CAR. NIGHT

C.U. of Alan. His hair is uncombed, he hasn't shaved. He has a crazed, joyous look on his face. His eyes are wide with excitement and he starts laughing like a maniac.

DOLLY OUT to a MOVING SHOT of a New York City taxi weaving through Manhattan traffic. We hear Alan's wild laughter.

CUT TO

CRANE SHOT of the speeding taxi. We hear Alan's wild laughter.

CUT TO

C.U. of Alan throwing his head back and roaring.
FREEZE FRAME of Alan's face.

ROLL CREDITS OVER FREEZE FRAME

Franklin J. Colletta
March, 1988